



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figures 10 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

DR. SCHLIEMANN

Poets, it is said, are born, not made. The same expression is often, with equal justice, applied to musicians; and Doctor Heinrich Schliemann, who has revealed the sites of the almost mythical cities of ancient Troy and Mycenæ, was a discoverer from his earliest days. He was born in 1822, at Kalkbora, in Mecklenberg-Schwerin. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, who took a great interest in Homer's works, and often related to his son the story of the Trojan war and the wondrous adventures of Ulysses and Agamemnon. Shortly after Heinrich's birth the family removed to Ankershagen. There was an old castle here, and young Schliemann showed his excavating proclivities by digging for a certain golden cradle which Dame Rumor said was buried in it, and repeatedly desired his father to empty a pond on his property so that the treasures at the bottom might be secured.

Such a mind as his would be easily influenced by the recital of the incidents of the siege of Troy, and his attention was directed to the possibility of the city yet existing by his father's expressed opinion that its remains had irretrievably perished. In 1839 he received as a Christmas present a universal history, in which there was an imaginary view of Troy. The thought struck him that although such solid walls as those represented in the picture might be buried underground, they could not be destroyed, and henceforth he was haunted by the desire to bring them to light again.

When about eight years old he was, on his mother's death, transferred to the care of an uncle living near Lubbock. For about four years he attended school, and made rapid progress, but at the conclusion of that time unfavorable circumstances occasioned his removal to a retail grocer's shop in Furstenburg.

At a recent grand banquet given by the Grocer's Company in London, England, at which he was an honored guest, Dr. Schliemann replied to the toast of his health, and in doing so gave the following brief sketch of his life as a grocer. He said:—

"In returning my warmest thanks for the signal honor you have conferred upon me by your kind invitation to this hospitable banquet I feel an infinite pleasure in thinking that I am myself a grocer, and that in praising here the grocer's business, I praise a trade which I have followed up with unremitting zeal for a period of twenty-eight years. I was hardly twelve years of age when I became a grocer's apprentice in a small country shop in Mecklenburg, where, during five years and a half, I was engaged in selling herring, butter, and, what they called coffee, by half-pennyworths, and my master thought it a very lucky chance if we sold ten dollars worth of groceries in one day.

"By a great misfortune, which afterwards turned out to be the most lucky event in my life, I was called from that honorable situation and became porter to the wholesale grocer, Mr. F. C. Jensen, of Amsterdam. In that new capacity I succeeded in two years in making up for my neglected education, and became correspondent and book-keeper with the wholesale grocers, B. H. Scroder & Co., of Amsterdam, who, after an interval of two years, sent me out to St. Petersburg as their agent to sell groceries on commission. A year later I

established myself in the same city as a wholesale grocer on my own account, and have conducted there an extensive trade for eighteen and a half years. But my business has never prevented me from continuing my studies, and when, in April, 1864, I thought I had money enough to return from commercial business, I found myself also in possession of sufficient theoretical knowledge to devote the remainder of my life to Homeric archaeology. The habit I had acquired in my long career as a grocer not to do anything superficially, but to proceed in everything with tact, system and perseverance, has been of immense advantage to me in my archaeological explorations, and I feel bold to say that had I not been a grocer I could never have succeeded in discovering Troy or the five royal sepulchres of Mycenæ. I deem it superfluous to say anything to the praise of commerce, because, without commerce,

considered unfit for work. He determined to go to sea, and shipped at New Hamburg, as cabin boy, in a ship bound for Venezuela. The vessel was wrecked before it had gone far, and thus it was that Schliemann found himself at Amsterdam, and engaged himself as a porter. Although in the very poorest circumstances, he obtained a fair knowledge of the Italian, Spanish and Russian languages, and it was to this knowledge that he was indebted for his future promotions in life.

In 1861 he went to California, where he started business as a banker, and met with such success that he was in a few years enabled to begin the accomplishment of what had been his life-dream, the discovery of ancient Troy. Strange to say, it was not till he came to America that he began the study of Greek, learning first the modern Greek in 1856, and then beginning the study of the ancient Greek

searches. She not only knows Homer by heart, originally her chief attraction in the eyes of her enthusiastic husband, but to please him has learned German, Italian, English and French.

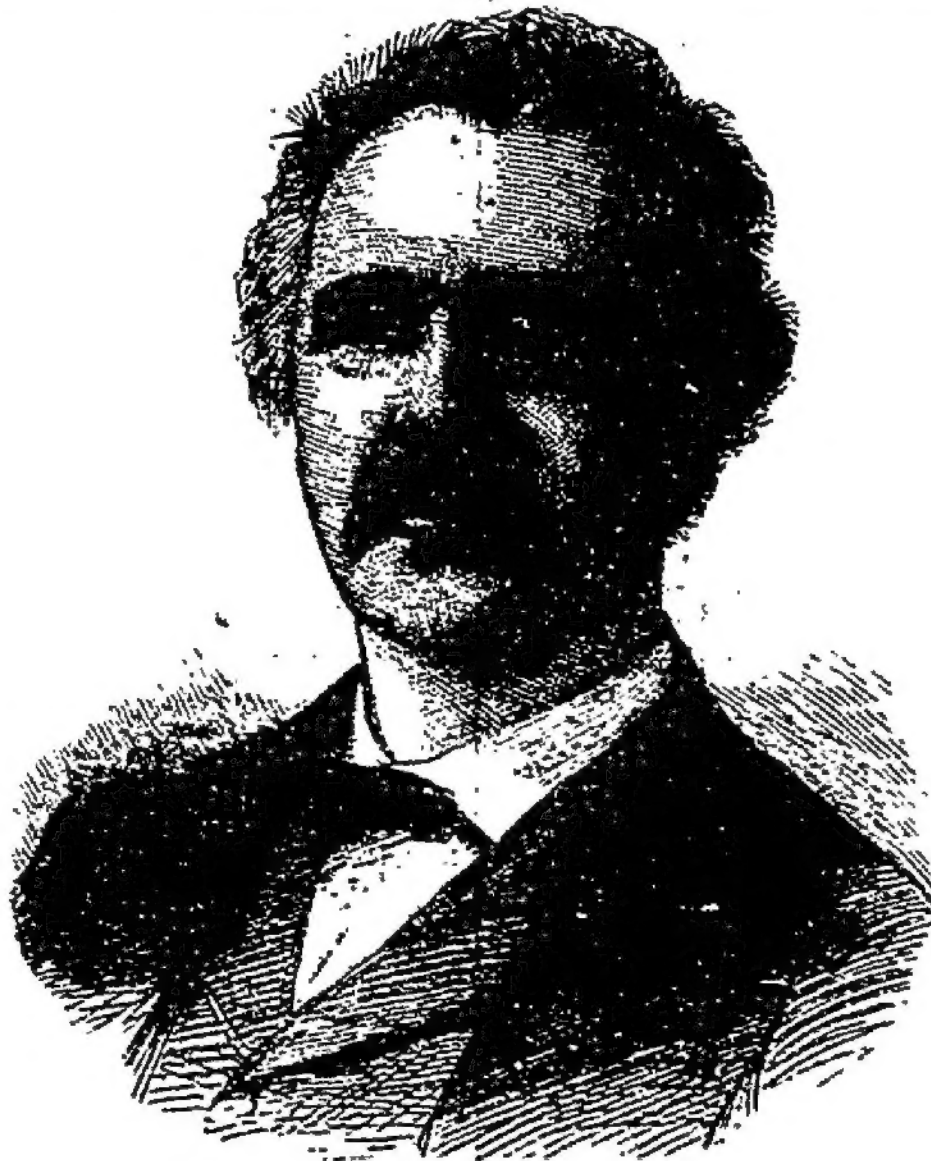
It is now almost too late in the day to do more than refer to the work Dr. Schliemann has already accomplished. His re-discovery of Troy took the world by storm. In it he found a large number of tablets and vases of terra cotta, painted pottery seals, ornaments, stone implements, and what he believes to be the treasure of Priam, jewels of gold, earrings and bracelets. These are locked up in the National Bank, and his own house at Athens.

First the information of the discovery was received with incredulity, which turned to wonder that one rich man, almost unassisted, should by his own industry discover and demonstrate by plain facts what had been fought over by the weapons of argument and surmise for many years.

It is but a few months ago since he began to dig amongst the mounds of Mycenæ, a city which was famous in the annals of poetry and beauty as the capital of Agamemnon, whom it is thought led the Greeks to the attack on Troy. Mycenæ itself was in turn destroyed by the people of Argos, B. C. 458. It is situated in the Peloponnese, a few miles south of Corinth, and since its destruction to the present time, a period of about two thousand three hundred and thirty-five years, has been regarded as little more than a mass of ruins and rubbish. But out of it Dr. Schliemann has turned up, from the guardianship of two huge bearded lions, what he believes to be the tombs of Agamemnon and the other victims assassinated at the feast. In the tombs he found the remains of three gigantic men, whose faces were covered by great golden masks, beautifully carved to represent a face, which the discoverer believes to be the real portrait of the dead. Besides these there were found, and are now being shown at Athens, heavy gold rings on which are inscribed mythological figures, golden and blackened silver cups, swords, shells, buttons, copper vessels, articles of precious stones, two pairs of scales, Egyptian porcelain, alabaster cups, and numerous other articles. The ages of these articles have not yet been determined on. Mr. Newton, the superintendent of the British museum, who made the journey to Athens for the express purpose of investigating these antiquities, traces them to a period antecedent 800 B. C., about which date the Greeks were brought into more immediate contact with Assyrian and Phœnician art through the medium of seafaring Phœnicians. But as there are on the articles no inscription of any kind, it is probable that their exact date will never be fixed, although the facts that every object is beaten out of a single plate of metal or riveted by nails, and that solder is at no time used, indicates that their age must be a very early one. Perhaps at some future time the past history of these relics may be read. At present the theories concerning them are little more than speculation. All must, however, do honor to the name of the man whose private exertions and private fortune has accomplished what no scientific society or government has thought of doing.

A manufacturer lately sued the city of Paris for about \$15,000 on the ground that the water supplied by the new works was so good that he could not make gelatine, and his business was therefore ruined. The suit was dismissed with costs.

The Temperance Coffeehouse inaugurated January 1, by the ladies of Portland, Me., has proved a financial success. The business has so increased that they already need larger accommodations.



DR. SCHLIEMANN.

there could be no ambition, and without ambition there could be no science. Thus, without commerce, man would be brutes. Gentlemen, I have pleasure in doing honor to your glorious corporation. May it live as long as our globe is inhabited by men."

One day, when in the situation he first refers to, an old subordinate staggered into the shop, drunk, and began spouting some lines from Homer. The sonorous words of the language pleased the youth's ear, and from that time he was determined to learn Greek. But that was not to be thought of under his unfavorable circumstances, and it seemed hardly possible that they would ever be changed for the better. But that "great misfortune" which afterwards turned out to be such a "lucky event" was not long in coming. In moving a cask he injured his chest so severely that he was

His favorite author was Homer, whose Iliad and Odyssey he knows by heart. In 1863 he gave up his business and devoted himself entirely to travels and the study of archaeology. He was twice married; first to a Roman lady, from whom he was divorced. They had three children. The incidents of his second marriage have a spice of romance about them. When in Greece he told a Greek priest, now a bishop, to look out for a lady who loved Homer and wished to marry Schliemann. Such a lady was found after some research, and the Doctor went to Athens, where she lived, and fifteen days after was married to her (in 1867). Their daughter, who is little more than an infant, already respects Homer. Mrs. Schliemann's tastes exactly agree with those of her husband, and she is of the greatest assistance to him in prosecuting his re-



Temperance Department.

THE CLERGY AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The *League Journal* gives the following report of a recent speech by Canon Wilberforce at St. Mary's Hall, Coventry—

Coming to the question of personal abstinence, the lecturer said he believed many clergymen were held back by the fear of what people would infer from it, and he eloquently enforced the principle that as Christian men they must, if they would do their Lord's work like Him, be prepared to be "numbered with the transgressors." He believed that total abstinence was the only remedy for drunkenness. There were many who were completely at the mercy of the foe, and the pledge, and their example of total abstinence was a shield thrown over and covering their weak brother. Speaking from personal experience, he could say that the results accruing from personal abstinence fully compensated for any little self-denial involved. He had, since he became a teetotaler, pledged about 1,000 workingmen, and he was glad to say that a large proportion of these had stood firm. Scarce a ship went forth from their port but contained at least one of these men, and generally when the ship returned this missionary would bring one or more of his mates to sign. Only a few days before he had received a letter from Tasmania, enclosing a £5 note for his church restoration fund, from some men who had gone out from Southampton, where they had met with him and had signed the pledge. They said in the letter it was to buy a "teetotal stone." Speaking of moderation, Mr. Wilberforce asked what was it? It seemed to him to be anything between a thimble-full and a bucket-full. Much of the mischief and wrong done through drink was done by persons who were not drunk. The high-spirited youths at Oxford who break windows, &c., were not drunk, and their mothers would indignantly resent the allegation that they were, but they were excited by drink. These and many other noble fellows got muddled and fuddled by the use of alcohol, and then when some time came that it was very needful they should be "all there" they were not, and they failed to do the right, and perhaps did some wrong and foolish thing. Speaking of the matter of influence, he said they all had it, and if, as Newman Hall once said, it was only a farthing rushlight, they should let that rushlight shine. There was, he said, a young delicate lady, who, after hearing a friend of his lecture on this subject, went home, and after thought and prayer signed the pledge. A year afterwards she saw the clergyman, and she said she was disheartened, as she could not see who had done any good. The clergyman said, "Oh, keep on, you don't know what good you are doing." Just after she dined at a mansion near Apsley House. The wine was offered her, but she politely but firmly declined to take any. Subsequently a young man—a soldier home in disgrace through drink from India—came to this young lady, and to her astonishment, seized her hand and said, "Oh, Miss—, I felt I must thank you, for you have saved my soul. I had got into disgrace through drink, but I had signed the pledge of abstinence, and was recovering myself. But the banter of friends and of my club had made me feel desperate, and I had resolved that at this dinner I would break my pledge. But when I saw you refuse, I thought if that delicate young lady can dare to keep her pledge and refuse the drink, then surely I, a soldier, can, and I will, and so, Miss, you have saved me." Was that not worth living for? He would appeal to their better nature, let the arguments alone, they could be dealt with a thousand years hence, but now he would charge them as before the throne of God, that they owed it to themselves and to Christ, that they abstain from these drinks. As to the clergy, why were they not abstemious? Not from self-indulgence, but from defective scientific teaching. They were afraid if they gave up the drink they would not be able to do the Lord's work so well, but he was convinced this was a mistake. He never knew a real case of break-down through abstinence, and speaking personally, he said he had, when a drinker, fainted in the pulpit, but since becoming an abstainer, never. Let them ask the governors of their gaols if people die or are ill through abstinence? Their reply would be never. He hoped he might again visit them, and if he did he might promise this, that he would give £5 to every person signing the pledge that night who was as a consequence then ill, if everyone who was well would give 20s towards the res-

toration of his church. Referring to the objection that the Bible was against them, he challenged the closest examination. For every passage which they would produce favoring drinking, he would find two in favor of slavery, and yet Christian civilization had shaken slavery as a stain from its hand. The advice to Timothy to take a little of his stomach's sake was to him proof conclusive that there was at this time a clerical total abstinence society, and the Bishop of Bristol and Gloucester had told him that the Greek word used meant water-drinker. Then there was the marriage at Cana. But Augustine had said that there Christ did suddenly what God is doing constantly by the slow process of nature, turned water into the juice of the grape. But even if he did not take his stand there, he would say that the Bible must not be taken as giving any hard rules as to the usages of the civilized life of every age. What may have been quite right in the Saviour's day might be altogether wrong in the 19th century. They must deal with the Bible wisely and broadly. The lecturer eloquently spoke of the broken unity of the Church of Christ, but said that in this movement was a rallying point, for here all Christians could, and did, join heart and hand to deliver men from sin, and their country from the curse of drinking. After some more apt illustrations and tellingly put points, Mr. Wilberforce alluded to the working men and the franchise. He said he expected that that great Radical, Lord Beaconsfield—would some day give the country working men the vote, and then when they demanded appropriate liquor trade legislation, he would say, "Oh, yes, it has always been the dearest object of my life." His own position was that he would vote alone for the man who was prepared to vote for the Permissive Bill. He had been told that in doing so he, as a clergyman, was joining himself with those who were seeking the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church. His reply was that firmly as he believed in the rightness and use of an Establishment, and strong as was his conviction that the union of the Church and the State was for the good of the nation, he was prepared to see the Establishment go if only by that sacrifice his country could be redeemed from the curse of drunkenness. He concluded by imploring Christian men to look at this question in the light of the cross of Christ, and by the blood of that cross he claimed every one of them as soldiers in this battle against drink. In the great American war a man was drawn to serve in one of the Northern armies, but he being ill, and fever being in his house, a neighbor said, "I'll go for you." He went, and in the first engagement he was shot through the body and killed. Some time afterwards the man for whom he had volunteered to be a substitute was seen dressing a green grave in the burying place. A person seeing the tender care with which he was discharging this duty, said, "Ah, the grave of father, or brother, or child?" "No," said the man with suppressed emotion, "this man became my substitute in the war, and he was killed, and I have come 400 miles in order that I may place on his grave those words, 'He died for me.'" Oh, if human love could thus move a human heart, should not they be moved for whom Jesus Christ has died? And would they not all write the words, "He died for me," as their inspiring motto, and, feeling they were no longer their own, come and consecrate themselves to the great temperance enterprise.—*Canon Wilberforce at St. Mary's Hall, Coventry.*

HALF-AN-HOUR IN AN OMNIBUS.

Two ladies were talking, and seemed not to mind that I was opposite them. One, dressed elegantly but quietly, was perfectly a lady, and there were in her eyes and voice as she said, "They tell me I ought not to feel it so keenly, ought not to let it wear upon me so, but I cannot help it. He is a perfect wreck, and he was all I could ask or wish."

"And a man of such fine talent."

"Yes, and has been so honored, and now to see him so degraded. He feels it all, and is as mortified as his friends are."

"Why don't he try to reform?"

"He has tried again and again, but it never lasts. And Doctor—has done all he can to reform him."

"Wasn't it the doctor's fault?"

"The doctor's mistake, entirely so; he never drank until it was prescribed him."

After hearing some little more, I rose and went to bed, and said:

"Pardon me, but I could not help hearing you. I had a dear friend, who was wild in college, but soon after he left he joined a temperance club, and never drank again until over forty years old. Then recovering from a severe sickness, brandy was prescribed for him. He commenced drinking and never left off, but at fifty-one died of *delirium tremens*. Hearing you say your friend fell from a physician's prescription, I wish to hear just as much more as you are willing to tell me."

He was a lawyer in this city, and if I were to give you his name you would know it well. He commenced as partner of—. When the war broke out he left his large practice and went to the field. There he contracted muscular rheumatism. He came home and had the best physicians of the city, but for two years was a great sufferer, much of the time confined to his bed. Then Dr.—prescribed whiskey, telling him he would soon be well. In three months he was out on crutches, and in six without them. But he would continue the medicine until stronger, and then refused to stop it. So the doctor saved him, and ruined him. Body and brain are wrecked, and he would willingly take back the disease, if he could get rid of the appetite."

"How distressing!"

"More, a great deal, than you can imagine."

"I understood you to say he never drank before."

"Never." And he was not only very temperate, but honorable, generous, and kind, a man of fine principles, and esteemed by everybody, and one who would have left an honored name if he had died ten years ago. And he feels it bitterly."

"I am growing to feel that physicians should be very careful to whom they prescribe liquor."

"They are getting to be. A lady friend of mine seemed weak and ailing, and I asked a physician if a little port wine would not give her strength, and he replied, 'In my early practice I should have ordered it. But when I look around and see the ladies I have made drunkards, I am appalled, and now I never order liquor in any form. It is often a good thing, sometimes very good; but I dare not take the risk of what may follow.'"

"Will you permit me to use this?" I asked.

"If it will do one person good, I shall be very glad. Only omit names."

As the truth, unadorned, is the greatest power earth can know, I have not changed a sentence, I do not know that I have changed one word, in the above conversation.—*Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford.*

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

On the question whether alcohol is or is not a food, it is only fair to say that it has two sides. James Parton once said, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that as soon as a drop of alcohol was taken into the system every organ it touched went to work to expel it. This statement was all very well, but that clever smoker, drinker, and materialist, Mr. John Fiske, at once proceeded to remark in reply that the same thing was equally true of a drop of water. Dr. B. W. Richardson maintains that alcohol is not, properly speaking, a food under any circumstances; while Professor Robert T. Edes, of Harvard, in the last number of the *Penn Monthly*, brings up a formidable array of statistics to show that it is a food, and that a considerable percentage of the quantity taken into the system remains as nourishment. But while these eminent men disagree on this question, they are agreed in saying that any but a very minute dose of alcohol is decidedly injurious. Professor Edes distinctly states that a healthy man needs none at all.

Now the majority of temperance advocates in our day do not maintain that alcohol is a uniform poison, a single particle of which causes effects which are never wholly removed. But the beer-guzzlers and brandy-drinkers can get small comfort from modern science, unless it be of the amateur style of John Fiske. Alcohol is a food, they say; therefore let us use it freely. Well, what if it is a food? A glass of porter, the strongest and most nutritious of malt liquors, is less capable of maintaining life than a glass of milk. Were the alcoholic properties removed, it would be but thin and unsatisfactory stuff. With spirituous and vinous beverages this is still more true. A nourishing dose of alcohol is a minute one; a narcotic dose is the one taken in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Intoxication is no more stimulus than the visionary elevation caused by opium. Drinking men take refuge behind a flimsy excuse when they ask science to help them. Alcohol, says modern research, is not necessarily deadly in its effects when taken in very small doses, and at meals. Very true, replies the chorus of tipplers; therefore let us drink and be merry, when and where we choose.

It is among this semi-intelligent class of persons who delight to call themselves "moderate drinkers" that we hope the new revival will work. It is bad enough for the laborer to waste a quarter of his wages on crazing whiskey; but it is still worse for intelligent persons, in the upper ranks, to get entangled in the chains of a habit which at best is most treacherous. The educated part of the community is most in danger. The poor man must keep sober during the day, or lose his small wages. The intellectual laborer can drink when he chooses. A few clergymen, many lawyers and doctors, and most journalists,

are habitual drinkers, and since, with all their professions of freedom, they pass no day without the use of liquor to get themselves in working trim, they ought rather to be called habitual drunkards. Men who know the truth of what they affirm declare that not one twentieth of the men who write on the New York morning papers, for instance, go through the twenty-four hours without the use of intoxicating drinks. What becomes of these bright journalists may be found out by anybody who chooses to hunt up the record of the "Bohemians" of 1860, as able a set of young writers as ever gathered in New York. It is all very well for such men to say that they can stop, and that moderate drinking is not *delirium tremens*. It is enough to reply that they do not stop, and that they very well know that their practice is far worse than their principles. Grant that downright teetotalism is unnecessary, we would simply ask each of our readers how many drinking men they know who do not drink too much, and betray their excesses by reddened countenance or increased poverty, or greater indifference to religious and social duties. Every man who finds liquor in any degree an alleviation of the day's discomforts is in a perilous state, whether he knows it or not. He needs, as the new reformers so constantly urge, not only the good influence of his friends, but an act of inflexible and sanctified will, backed up by all the remedial machinery of the Christian Church.—*S. S. Times.*

—Dr. Holland has a good word for total abstinence, in *Scribner* for July, by way of comment on the new activity in the direction of temperance by clergymen and others, in England and this country, who are so very persistent in reiterating what was never questioned—namely, that they are opposed to total abstinence. He says: It is really very encouraging to see wine-bibbing clergymen and church-members trying, in a moderate way, to counteract the legitimate effects of their own pernicious example. It is a trifle irritating to listen to their disclaimers of sympathy with the "extremists," who have made temperance a hissing and a by-word among respectable people. It is a bit grasping to the original Adam in an old-fashioned teetotaler, who has denied himself that he might save his fellows, to be told that he is looked upon by the people of the new departure as a fanatic, but he understands exactly what that means, and should forgive it and forget it. It is a comfort and encouragement to know that the results of intemperance have become so well appreciated that "men of moderate views" cannot keep on with their wine-drinking without doing something against their consciences. It is even amusing to see them hold to their wine-glasses with one hand, while they gesture furiously with the other about the abuses of the excise law, and stand upon their rights as freemen, gentlemen, and Christians, with one foot, while the other is lively in kicking the illegal rum-seller. But we would not make fun of them, for, however much they may be blinded as to their own position and the position of those whose principles and policy they have derided for so many years, they are to be congratulated that they have awakened to the fact that something must be done, and that they have a duty to discharge in the matter. Nay, we are willing to go farther than this, if they prove themselves to be in earnest. We will follow their lead, knowing of course, where an earnestly pursued purpose will conduct them. All the earnest workers for temperance land in a common conclusion, and the total abstinence may be sure that if these men are in earnest they will soon be in his company. There is no help for it, as he has thoroughly learned by experience and observation.—*S. S. Times.*

ACTION OF TOBACCO ON THE SYSTEM.—Some years ago the French Government directed the Academy of Medicine to enquire into the influence of tobacco on the human system. The report of the commission appointed by the Academy states that a large number of the diseases of the nervous system and of the heart, noticed in the cases of those affected with paralysis or insanity, were to be regarded as the sequence of excessive indulgence in the use of this article; and it is remarked that tobacco acts primarily to act upon the organic nervous system, depressing the faculties and influencing the nutrition of the body, the circulation of the blood, and the number of red corpuscles in the blood. Attention is also called to the bad digestion, benumbed intelligence, and clouded memory of those who use tobacco to excess.

Best in the Lord, and
wait patiently for Him.



Agricultural Department.

JERSEY CATTLE

The records with regard to Jerseys extend back over one hundred years. As long ago as 1789 the importation of any foreign cattle was prohibited under severe penalties. Since then the Jerseys have been bred solely for dairy, and the powerful stimulus of self interest has impelled the farmers to constant efforts at improvement of the breed. The temperate climate, the quiet life they are compelled to lead, the succulent food supplied them (mainly roots and grasses scarcely any grain or other fattening substances), the constant weeding out of inferior or unprofitable animals, have all tended to constant and gradual improvement, till at the present day the typical Jersey cow is one of the most beautiful of domestic animals, with head and limbs almost as fine as those of a deer, eye full, gentle, and expressive, color rich and attractive, and outlines far removed indeed from the grand proportions of the Shorthorns or the perfect roundness and smoothness of the Devon, yet symmetrical and pleasing.

It may be best at this point to clear up the confusion that exists between the names of Jersey and Alderney. The Island of Alderney, about forty miles nearer the English coast than Jersey, is a small rock, inhabited only by a few fishermen and a British garrison for it has been a military post. About seventy years ago we find Jersey cattle sent as a present to the then proprietor of Alderney. The confusion in names probably arose from the fact that English officers stationed in Alderney would naturally take Alderney cattle home with them; or, on seeing Jerseys in England, would recognize them as Alderneys. Whatever the reason, Jerseys have always been mis-called Alderneys, both in England and America, until the last few years.

Some years since a very active controversy raged among Jersey breeders on the question of color. This is no place to enter into its merits. The result has been, I think, to weaken the stress laid upon the color of the hair and to direct attention to the really important points of beauty of form, richness of skin and dairy quality, while it has undoubtedly led to an increase in the number of solid-colored animals. A breeder who visited the island as late as 1865, and imported thence some excellent cattle, says: "The Jerseys are of all shades of color, from a pale yellow fawn, running through all the intermediate hues, even occasionally to a red, an intermixture of black or gray, known as French gray, and that merging into black, with an amber-colored band along the back, the muzzle invariably shaded with a lighter color. And individuals are often seen black and white, or pure black, unrelieved by any other color."

The extremes of size in Jerseys are nearly as great as in our common or native cattle. I have seen a bull whose owner claimed that he weighed 1,800 pounds, and had another offered me warranted to weigh 1,850 pounds. My last breeding bull weighed a fraction over 900 pounds. These may fairly be taken to represent the extremes. I have seen cows weighing 600 pounds to 1,100 pounds when in milk.

As a family cow I believe the Jersey to be unequalled, especially for persons living in villages or suburbs of large cities. Bred for generations to a life of comparative inaction, she is excellently suited to confined quarters. Of small size and slender frame, she requires less food than a larger dairy animal. Intelligent, docile, and attractive in appearance, she is almost certain to become the pet of the household and an object of interest and affection. But it is her even flow of rich milk that constitutes her chief value for this purpose.

There are probably ten thousand Jerseys in the United States entered or entitled to entry in the register; and nearly as many more claimed to be pure-bred, but not entitled to entry. During the past five years the price of first-class cattle has nearly doubled, while ordinary ones, or those of inferior quality, have become cheaper. — Hon. Campbell Brown in N. Y. Independent.

FARM ECONOMY

At the present time, under the prevailing depressing circumstances affecting all trades and businesses, it becomes the farmer to practice economy in all his farm operations, for upon the prosperity of farmers all other branches of industry are equally dependent. But it will become us that we rightly construe the meaning of the term economy. It is too frequently construed as parsimony, which is often very far

from true economy. My idea of the meaning of economy in connection with farm affairs is something as follows. Judicious disposition of arrangement of all our work, yet liberal and frugal management of all our affairs. I am aware that there is an apparent contradiction in the definition, yet a seeming one only, when rightly construed. All necessary labor should be arranged and systematically applied with the utmost frugal liberality. While practicing liberality, every item should be made to do execution—"to tell," in common parlance.

Taking this view, it would be false economy not to provide sufficient and suitable help to cultivate our lands and do all necessary farm work, together with making judicious permanent improvements. To spend unnecessary time and labor in accomplishing any given result, to grow any crop without good and thorough preparation, as well as full culture, to allow our farms, from any cause, to deteriorate in actual or intrinsic value, to spend unnecessary time and labor in merely exterminating weeds, while we should subdue them to the extent of their not adding our crops or their value, to curtail in the products of our farm in the aggregate, is not economy. Rather, economy would teach us to arrange for and so cultivate our lands, as to produce the greatest amount of products at the lowest possible cost of labor and fertility. Increased products from the minimum of previous cost must be the rule in order to attain success in farming. When farm products are low, what is wanting in price must be made up by economical culture and increased products.

I might add that economy would teach us to provide good and suitable farm tools and all implements of husbandry, for without them labor cannot be economically applied. Only that stock should be kept which will produce the greatest profit on the investment, and keep, non-productive stock and investments should be kept down to the minimum rate or amount. Deal liberally with your and stock land, if you would have them deal liberally with you. — W. H. White, in Country Gentleman.

STOCK WATER.

How a reserve of stock water may be economically stored up for use during droughts is an important question for farmers throughout the prairie region of the West.

Two years ago last summer, having, with many others, suffered the inconvenience of a failure of the water-supply on my place, in consequence of the long continued drought, I dug a 200 barrel cistern in my pasture, a few feet from a ditch which crossed one corner, cementing on the solid clay, which formed the sides to within two and a half feet of the top, and bricking the balance. I laid a wooden pipe from near the top of the ditch to the cistern, and when the water was running, the following spring, by damming the ditch below, it was filled with pure snow-water. The same process was repeated last spring, filling up what had been used out the previous summer.

For the last month my well has been nearly dry, and my house and barn-cistern both empty. Without this reserve supply I should have been in as bad a fix as are a great many other people at this time. The water in this cistern, most of which has been in for two years, is now as pure, bright, and sparkling as when it was first filled.

It has been a wonder to me that farmers in sections where reliable wells cannot be obtained have not availed themselves of this method of storing up water. There is no limit to the extent to which such cisterns can be multiplied, furnishing a reserve supply to fall back upon when the ordinary supplies fail. — O. Gibbs, in Prairie Farmer.

BUMBLE BEES.—It is one of the most important late discoveries that the yield of red clover seed depends up on the bumble bees. These insects fertilize the blossoms, conveying the pollen from one blossom to another by means of their long proboscis, and no other is known to do this necessary work. Without the bumble bee we can have no clover seed. The natural enemy of the bumble bee is the farmer's boy, who, when he stumbles over a nest and gets stung never forgives or forgets it, but becomes a life-long enemy to this busy bee. Give these insects a wide berth, and let them live to increase the yield, and to reduce the price of clover seed, which is getting higher every year. — American Agriculturist.

VALUE OF FODDER CORN.—We visited a farmer who evidently knows how stock should be treated. He raises a quantity of fodder-corn every year, to bridge over the dry times. He is feeding it now, once a day, to all his cattle. He feeds in the evening, mowing a swath, gathering up by hand, and throwing over the fence into the adjoining pasture. We witnessed one feeding, and the way those cattle went into the green, succulent stalks would have convinced the most skeptical that there was something good in it. It had been rather dry for two weeks before,

local storms passing around, and the pastures had become brown and bare. The owner informed us that cows and young stock would come up and range themselves along the fence on the feeding-ground an hour or two before feeding-time and impatiently wait for the meal. The flow of milk was maintained by this means and the general condition of the stock kept up. He sows his corn broad-cast, and a little too thickly, we think, to secure best results. If all farmers, especially dairy farmers, would follow a similar system, the not results in the entire country would be immense. We are glad to know that many of them do it, and that the number is annually increasing. — Ohio Farmer.

CLEANLINESS AND ATTENTION IN MILKING. The great secrets in making good butter are cleanliness and attention, in addition to the labor. We will now proceed to give you the details how to apply these rules. Let cleanliness be applied to the cow-house, see that it is kept clean, so that no foul odors shall be absorbed by the new milk, and that the animals may be kept healthy, so as to give pure wholesome milk, to the udder, so that no scabs or filth shall be rubbed off into the bucket while milking, to the hands, so that they shall not defile the milk, to the spring-house or vault, that the cream may be kept pure, to the milk-bucket, pans, skimmer, cream-pot and churn, so that no cheesy taint or foul odors be communicated to the cream, and finally, to the butter-worker and the market-tub. To all these scrupulous cleanliness should be applied. Attention must be paid to proper feeding, regular milking, skimming at the right time, stirring the cream every time new qualities are added, even temperature of the spring-house, vault or cellar, proper temperature of the cream at time of churning, even churning and working and handling the butter. — Exchange.

Use great care in picking apples from the trees, and when transferring them from the basket to the barrel handle them like eggs. Get the best granulated-sugar barrels to keep them in, and when the barrels are full cover them with a thick paper, to keep them from the air. Then with a barrel-header press the heads in, and keep them out of the cellar as late as you can without having them freeze. Put them in the driest and coolest part of the cellar, and raise them from the ground three feet or more on skids, and do not open or disturb them until they are wanted for use. If exposed to the air, by opening the barrels to pick them over, some of the apples will rot and others will wither.

— Mr. J. C. Shurburne, in a paper read last winter at the Town Hall in Pomfret, before the Vermont State Board of Agriculture, gave utterance to the following startling words: "After careful consideration, knowing the unsurpassed excellence of early cut hay, I make this statement, without hesitation: If the entire hay crop of the State could be secured at the best possible time, its value, when fed, would exceed the worth of the hay now obtained; together with all the grain raised in the State which is fed in connection with the hay." Now, there are suggestions enough contained in that one paragraph for a whole year of editorials. Think of it. All the plowing, harrowing, hoeing, harvesting, husking, threshing, and grinding required to obtain our grain crop saved by just cutting our hay two or three weeks earlier! — N. Y. Independent.

— The Maine Farmer, who does not believe in keeping cows that do not yield an income of more than \$50 per year, tells how he would increase it to 100. He says: "In the first place, I would dispose of all my skim milk cows. Then I would purchase some of the butter cows that I could find in the market. If I had but \$75, I would rather pay it all for one good cow than for two poor ones. Then, after getting my cows, I would by shingling, battening, or plastering, or some other way, make a warm stable to keep them in during cold weather, and I would keep them 'here, too, except when they were drinking, if they had to go out for that.' For this they could not express their gratitude in language, be sure they would do so by the additional mass of milk. After this the next thing to do is to treat them liberally twelve months in the year, and treat them as kindly as you would your children, and not yell at nor beat them about, because they do not perform just at the word of command."

— Among the many devices for keeping butter in a manner that will preserve the fresh, rosy flavor of the new, with all its sweetness, is the following from the *Duchess Farmer*, which is said to be entirely successful: To three gallons of brine—strong enough to bear an egg—add a quarter pound of nice white sugar and one tablespoon of saltpetre. Boil the brine, and when it is cold strain carefully. Make your butter into rolls, and wrap each separately in a clean white muslin cloth, tying it up with a string. Pack a large jar full, weigh the butter down, and pour over it the brine until all is submerged. This will keep really good butter perfectly sweet and fresh

for a whole year. Be careful not to put upon the butter that you wish to keep for any length of time. In summer, when the heat will not admit of small jars, take large ones, and wrap the same brine, allow it to cover the butter to the depth of at least four inches. This excludes the air and answers as well as the first method suggested.

DOMESTIC.

BROILED TOMATOES.—Slice the tomatoes in halves, rub a piece of fat pork on the heated bars of a gridiron, put the tomatoes upon them and broil on each side. Cooked either with beefsteak, or separately, they make a fine relish.

FARMER'S HONEY CAKE. Take a pint of pure strained honey, and mix into it four ounces of butter and four of lard, then add five well-beaten eggs, and season with the juice of a good-sized lemon or nearly the whole of a nutmeg. A cupful of sour milk should also be used in mixing it to dough, with a light teaspoonful of saleratus. The amount of flour necessary will be nearly two quarts. Do not work it very much after the flour is mixed, but roll the dough out, and cut into shapes for baking in tin pans. This is a simple but palatable little cake. No sugar is needed at all.

TOMATO MARMALADE. To each pound of tomatoes add one pound of white or brown sugar; first scalding, peeling and slicing the red tomatoes. Put over a slow fire and boil down until it is well thickened, add one tablespoonful of powdered ginger and the juice of grated peel of two lemons to every three pounds of tomatoes. Boil from one to three hours skimming off all froth. When very thick turn into small jars and cover tightly. This is a delicious relish for lunch or supper, and no one could recognize the taste of tomato in it.

PEACH JELLY.—For a table ornament nothing is more elegant. Dissolve in sufficient water one ounce of isinglass, strain it, halve one dozen large peaches and pare them, make a syrup of one pound of fruit sugar and half a pint of water. Into this put the peaches and kernels, boil gently for fifteen minutes, then place the fruit on a plate and cook the syrup ten minutes longer; add to it the juice of three lemons and 1/2 isinglass. A pyramid mold is very pretty for this. Fill part full of jelly, and, when set, put in one quarter of the peaches. Place on ice and let it harden, add more jelly, burden, etc., until full. Let the base of the mold be jelly.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Raw cabbage composes a part of our dinner every day, and I have various methods of preparing it, but I think the following the best. Shave a hard, white cabbage in small strips. To one quart of it take the yolk of three well-beaten eggs, a cup and a half of good cider vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of thick cream, or two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one teaspoonful of mustard mixed in a little boiling water, salt a pepper to taste. Mix all but the eggs together, and let them boil for five minutes, then stir in the eggs, rapidly, for another five minutes. Turn the cabbage into the mixture, and let it scald for five minutes, stirring it all the time. Set it on snow or ice to cool, and serve perfectly cool. I always make enough for two days, at once, and it keeps perfectly, and is an excellent relish to all kinds of meat.

RUSTY CUTLERY.—This warm, damp weather is very prolific of mildew and rust, and calls for a little extra care and observation on the part of housekeepers, in closets and among the cutlery. Mrs. Jacobs came in, this morning, bearing in her hand what was formerly a very handsome set of dinner-knives, but now so spotted and covered with rust as to appear at first glance almost entirely ruined. "Can you tell me what I am to do with these," Mrs. Glenn? she asked, rather dejectedly. "First cover the blade with warm sweet oil," I said, "then over this a layer of fresh unlacqued lime, which leave on for a day or two, then polish off with powdered unlacqued lime, which process will, I think, be as efficacious as anything you can do; but in this matter as in many others I have always found prevention to be better and easier in the end than cure. When once the blade of a knife has been badly eaten with rust, it is not only quite impossible to make it look like new again, but also much more difficult, owing to the roughness of the surface, to keep from rust a second time. Steel knives that are not in constant use should be washed carefully and wiped very dry; then before you put them aside, take a bit of soft kid or chamois-skin and rub briskly and hard the blade of each knife with it, then wrap up in brown paper and put away in a dry place. Should they lie for months, or even weeks, through hot damp weather, without being used, look to them now and then and repeat the rubbing with the chamois-skin. It will take only a moment or two, and you will find it much less trouble in the end than so much scouring of rough and rusty blades!"

THE LION THAT LIVES IN A PIT.

"Please do not forget that you have promised to tell us about the lion that lives in a pit, mamma," said Ernest. "The ant-lion, I think you called him, and why is he called an ant-lion?"

"Because he preys upon ants," answered Mrs. Heywood, "in the same way that real lions prey upon sheep and goats, and sometimes upon men and women. The ant-lion is only the grub or larva of a winged insect. In this state it is very slow and awkward in its movements, so that it could never catch the quick and active little creatures it requires for food if God had not taught it to make up by cleverness what it wants in activity. The parent insect carefully deposits her eggs upon a light, sandy soil, so that when the young ant-lion is hatched he finds himself in a position exactly suited to his purpose of digging a pit, or trap, by which means he hopes to catch his little victims."

"But how does he manage to dig, mamma? He has no spade to help him, I am sure."

"His feet and his mouth answer all the purposes of a spade," said his mother; "no gardener or architect could hollow out a pit better. His body is of a dusty grey color, composed of rings, and tapers to a point at the tail; he has six legs. The head is provided with a most terrible pair of jaws, half round, like a reaping-hook, and toothed inside, that he may hold the prey firmly whilst sucking their blood. The ant-lion traces a circle in the sand, generally about three inches in diameter—that means, three inches across from one side to the other. This done, he gets inside this circle or ring, and with one of his legs shovels up a load of sand on the flat part of his head, and then, with a sudden jerk, he throws the whole some inches away. It is a curious fact," continued Mrs. Heywood, "that when the little fellow has gone once round the ring, he returns just the opposite way, so as to use the leg on the other side for shovelling, and rest the one with which he began. In this way he digs on and on, making each ring narrower and deeper than the one before, until he

has completed a hole about two or three inches deep, in the shape of a funnel, generally three inches wide at the top, and narrowing into a point at the bottom, the loose sand forming its sloping sides. When he meets with no stones, the ant-lion gets through his business with very little difficulty, but sometimes there are stones mixed up with the sand, and these cost him a great deal of trouble. If they are quite small, he lifts them upon his head, and jerks them over the side of the

his labors. He knows well that other insects are as much afraid of him as you and I should be of a real lion, so he completely hides himself under the sand at the bottom of his pit, and leaves nothing but the tips of his crooked jaws peeping out. Very soon an ant, who has been sent out on an exploring expedition, or some other little traveller, passes that way, and steps upon the edge of the pit, that he may see what there is to be seen below. He does not know that he will pay for his look with his life.

he cannot stand upon the slippery bank, under the heavy sand-showers, and falls again, this time, most likely, within reach of the lion's jaws. If so, it is all over with him—he is pounced upon in a moment, and the ant-lion holds him fast in his powerful jaws while he sucks his blood at his leisure. When he has finished, he takes care to throw the dead body to some distance from his den, lest other insects, espying it, should guess there is a murderer below; and then he goes back to his

hiding-place to watch for more prey. The fierce grub lives thus for nearly two years, until he is fully grown, when he wraps himself up in a round ball of sand fastened together by very fine silk, which he spins on purpose. Here he remains for about three weeks, when he bursts forth a pretty little insect, something like a dragon-fly in appearance."

"O, mamma, please let us look for one. I should like to see a real living ant-lion so much!"

"You may look, my child, and I will try to help you, but I cannot give you much hope that you will be successful, for though the ant-lion abounds in France and Switzerland, it is seldom now found in England."—*Child's Companion*.



CHANGES OF THE ANT-LION.

pit, as he did the sand; but when they are too large for this he tries another plan. Crawling backwards to the place where the stone may be, it thrusts its tail underneath, and gradually pushes it upon its back. This done, he marches slowly and carefully up the sides of his pit, and rolls off the great stone at the top.

"What a clever little creature, mamma. I am sure he deserves his dinners and suppers, after taking so much pains."

"When the pit is really done the ant-lion reaps the fruit of

The slippery sand slides from under his feet, he tries to save himself, but only falls the faster, down, down into the very jaws of the lion below. Sometimes, however, it may happen that the poor little victim is able to stop himself half-way, and in haste he will try to scramble back to the top. But the lion from the bottom of the den, with his six sharp eyes, has spied him out, and quick as thought he shovels heaps of sand upon his head, and throws them up, one after another, upon the runaway. This destroys his last hope of a rescue;

have been any, for I cannot imagine how, if there had been, I could have forgotten it. I don't believe anybody can ever forget the misery of having told a lie. It would be as hard as to forget how the toothache feels after you have had it once.

When I was a little girl, I went to a little school, which was kept by a very little lady, in a very little house. The little lady herself lived in another little house, which was divided from the little school-house only by a little garden. I did not know then how little

THE FIRST TIME.

SARAH HOLM, IN ST. NICHOLAS.

Perhaps I ought to have said, instead of "The First Time," "The first time that I can remember," for I was eight years old when I told the lie which I am going to confess now, and I am afraid I might have told some others before it; but I do not remember one; and on the whole I do not believe there could

the houses, and the garden, and my school-teacher were. Miss Caroline seemed large and powerful to me; and as for her ferule, it looked bigger to me than the big trees of California looked when I saw them a few years ago. But when I went back, a grown woman, to my old home, and walked past Miss Caroline's cottage and the little old school-house, I hardly could believe my eyes, everything was so tiny; and I could have picked Miss Caroline up under my arm.

The school-house had been a shoemaker's shop once, and some of the shoe maker's furniture had been left in it. There was the bench on which he used to sit and work; this had a little open box at one end, where he used to keep his tools; this bench stood in the middle of the room, in front of Miss Caroline's desk, and all the classes sat on it to recite their lessons. The end which had the open box on it was called the "head" of the class. Once I kept up "at the head" in spelling a whole week, and I grew so used to having hold of the edge of the box, and slipping my fingers back and forth on it, that when I lost my place, and had a boy or a girl on my left side, I had hard work not to keep all the time taking hold of their arms, instead of the box. There used to be also a little drawer under the bench, at this end; but Miss Caroline had that taken off after she found out that it was there Ned Spofford hid the "spitballs" he used to fire up and down all the classes he recited in. "Oh, what a bad boy Ned Spofford was! But how we all did like him! Even Miss Caroline herself, I think, liked him better than any other scholar in all the school; and yet he gave her twice as much trouble as all the other scholars put together. But he was so good-natured and affectionate that nobody could help loving him, in spite of his mischief. He never resisted nor struggled when she had to punish him. I really think he got feruled as often as once a week; but he used to hold out his hand the minute she told him to, and look straight into her eyes while she struck him. Sometimes he would bite his lips, and the tears would come into his eyes, but he never cried, nor begged off, as the rest of us did. He was as brave as he was mischievous. Even when he had to sit on the dunce-stool for twenty minutes with his mouth wide open and a piece of

corn-cob set firmly between his teeth, he never cried. This was Miss Caroline's worst punishment. I think if she herself had tried it once, to see how much it hurt, she never would have had the heart to inflict it on us. At first, when she wedged in the piece of cob, you felt like laughing that anybody should think such a thing as that could be much of a punishment; but pretty soon your jaws began to ache, and then the back of your neck ached, and then the pain reached up into the back of your head, and into your ears, and it became real torture; there was not a single boy in the school that could bear it without the tears streaming down his cheeks, except Ned Spofford. Miss Caroline very rarely did it to girls; I think no one but Sarah Kellogg and I ever had it.

But you will think I am a long time coming to the story of that lie. The truth is that, old woman as I am, I do not like to live that lie over again, I suffered so much first and last from it. But I have made up my mind to tell you the story, sufferings and all, because I think perhaps it may help some one of you, some day, to keep from telling a lie, if you recollect how uncomfortable I was after telling one.

This was the way it happened:

Miss Caroline used to keep an exact record each day of our recitations and our behavior. She used to write this down in an old brown leather-covered ledger which had belonged to the shoemaker, but in which he had written only a few pages before he died. He left all his things to Miss Caroline's father, who had built the little shoe-shop for him, but never had had any rent for it.

Every Saturday Miss Caroline used to make out for each scholar what she called a "report." They were most beautifully written in a fine old-fashioned hand, on small oblong pieces of thin and bluish paper. I can see one before me at this minute, as if it were only yesterday that I carried the last one home to my mother. This is the way they were made:

	Spelling.	Geography.	Arithmetic.	History.	Writing.	Talk.	Punctuality.	Deportment.
Monday.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Tuesday.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Wednesday.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Thursday.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Friday.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Saturday.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

The number "5" was the highest number given, that meant "perfect." "4" meant tolerably good; "4½" was almost as good as "5." Sarah Kellogg and Ned Spofford and I seldom got more than "4½" in "deportment." "3" was pretty bad; "2" was very bad; "1" was outrageous; and there were even such things as "0's" put down sometimes—that was a degree of badness too bad for even the lowest numeral to represent.

When school was dismissed Saturday noon (we never had any school Saturday afternoons), we all went up to Miss Caroline's desk, and received our reports. We were to carry them home, and show them to our parents; Monday morning we were to bring them back, with the name of either our father or our mother written at the bottom, to prove to Miss Caroline that they had examined the report. When we left the school-house, we all used to walk along very slowly together, looking over each other's shoulders, and comparing our reports. Now and then a scholar would get "all fives;" and we used to look upon such a one with mingled envy and admiration. Sometimes we thought Miss Caroline's marks were unjust, and very angry quarrels would arise among us, in consequence. You often might see a group of us standing still in the middle of the sidewalk, with our heads close together, and the little pieces of thin blue paper fluttering from hand to hand, and a Babel of loud and excited voices all talking at once. A stranger passing would have been much puzzled at overhearing such sentences as these;

"I don't care. I was a great deal better on Friday than I was on Thursday, and here she's given me only 'three.'"

"And she's given me 'two' and Ned 'three,' and I didn't fire a single spit-ball; he fired them all; I only laughed."

"Now, that's too mean! I've only got 'four' in arithmetic all this week, and I've never missed more than one question. I think she might have given me 'four and a half.'"

Ned Spofford hardly ever had anything but "twos" and "threes" for "deportment," though he had more "fives" in other things than any scholar in school. But he didn't care anything about his reports; he used to cram them into his pockets as if they were so much waste paper, and never kept them. Now, my mother made me keep

all mine pasted into a nice little blank-book; and then once in two or three months she would look them over with me, and tell me whether, on the whole, I was doing better or worse than I had done before. I did not much like the sight of this little blank-book, and yet I always had a fine air-castle of how it would look some day when I had two whole pages filled with reports—"all fives." I always got "fives" on Mondays—I began the week with such fine resolutions. I don't believe I ever had a report which didn't have "five" for "deportment" on Monday. I usually held out pretty well through Tuesday also, but by Wednesday I began to fail; and from that all the way to Saturday noon I was apt to get worse and worse. I recollect my dear mother, who was as full of fun as she could be, used to say very droll things about the diminishing lines of figures on my reports.

"Oh dear me, Peggy," she used to say, "here are these poor little rows of figures sliding down hill again as hard as they can go, as if they were all running a race with each other, trying to get to 'No. 1' first!"

She used to talk very earnestly with me even when she made me laugh, sometimes I think she was the very jolliest and wisest mother that ever lived; but I suppose all children think so of their mothers. I was never afraid to show her my reports, however bad they were, because she always was so cheery and full of hope that I'd have a better one next time. The thing I did dread, however, was having them shown to my father. He was a stern and silent man. He spent all his time in his study, shut up with his books. We rarely saw him except at meals, and he never played with us. Whenever we did wrong, he used to sigh so deeply it sounded as if his breath would give out, and say—

"My child! my child!" in a tone of what seemed to me then terrible grief. Now I know that it was partly dyspepsia which made him take such gloomy views of little things. But it used to seem to me then that, if I did not take care, I would really some day be the death of him by my misconduct. If he had punished me severely I should not have minded it half so much as I did those long-drawn sighs, and those foreboding snakes of the head, and those mournful tones.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Family Circle.

REPENT

BY GEORGE SALA

The farmer smiled to see his bursting barns.
His fields yet ripening in the summer sun,
And cried, with pride upwelling from his heart
"Lo! what the toil of my two hands hath done!"
A sweet voice whispered, from the rustling wheat:
"To God, who giveth increase, praise is meet!"
"There is not room within these little sheds
To store from loss or theft my yellow grain.
So will I build me greater, that I may
Rejoice and cheer my soul with this my gain."
Still pled that angel whisper, low and sweet,
"Give to the poor, who have no food to eat!"
"Cease troubling me! Why should I not be glad?
For hard hath been my toil and long the strife.
Now will I laugh and fill my heart with joy,
And live right merrily the rest of life."
"O fool!" the angel whispered, with a sigh.
"Repent. For thou this very night shalt die."
—N. Y. Independent.

THE THINGS OF PEACE

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

There was nothing at grandma's house which Laura liked better than the swing. She had a swing at home in the wood-shed, with great upright timbers, and a kind of wooden seat that swung back and forth over the plank floor. But the swing at grandma's was no such stuff affair. It was a great brown rope, fastened to a limb of the old elm in the back yard. The long beautiful branches drooped all around it until you seemed to be in a nest, and as you swung yourself up among them the green leaves shook and trembled, and the summer wind came rushing to meet you, and you felt just like a bird going up into the tops of the forest. Laura liked that, and she liked to take her book and sit in the swing and read, just touching her feet to the green grass now and then, enough to make her seat sway slowly like a cradle. If Laura was not in the house, they always knew where to look for her, so one Saturday afternoon, when Jenny Staples came over to play with her, grandma only looked up from her sewing to say:
"Run out in the yard, Jenny, you'll find Laura in the swing, I presume."
Laura had just reached the most interesting part of her story.
"Oh dear!" she thought, "I am having such a nice time, and now Jenny Staples must come and spoil everything."
Jenny came bounding down to the tree, her round face all of a dimple with happiness, but Laura did not look up until Jenny clapped both hands over the page she was reading, and stopped the swing with a jerk.
Laura only pulled her book away, and said very crossly, "Don't!"
Jenny was very much astonished at her reception, and all the dimples were smoothed out of her face in a moment. She did not wait to say a word, but turned and walked away, and Laura looked up from her book to see her half-way to the gate.
"Oh! now she's mad," thought Laura, "and she'll tell her aunt Mary I was rude to her. Jenny! Jenny Staples!"
No answer, only Jenny walked on faster than ever. Laura dropped her book and ran after her, but Jenny ran too, and so Laura stopped.
"Such a silly, to be mad at a little thing like that!" she said as she watched Jenny's sun-bonnet disappearing behind the hill. "Well, she may go. I'm not going to trouble myself about her," and Laura went back to her book.
But the charm of the story was all gone. She could not think of the little Frieda trudging away at midnight after mother's medicine, but only of Jenny Staples disappointed of her afternoon's play, and going back to her lonesome home at her aunt's. She tried to persuade herself that she was not at all to blame, but the whispering elm leaves, and the sweet summer wind, and even the little brown bird up among the maples, seemed to be saying over and over her text, "Follow after the things that make for peace." Follow after the things that make for peace.
"I s'pose I ought to go and apologize and

make up with Jenny," she said reluctantly, closing her book; "but I do hate to awfully, and, besides, she needn't be so touchy. Perhaps it'll be a good lesson to her."

Laura was still undecided when grandma called her. She had a letter in her hand and little basket, and she said:

"Here, Laura, is a letter which must go to the Corners to-night, and I do not see any way but for you to carry it. Jenny can go with you, and I have put up your supper in this basket, and you can stop at the Hollow as you come back, and have a little picnic in the woods."

Laura's heart gave a jump of delight, and then grew very heavy.

"Oh, grandma! Jenny has gone home."

"Gone home?" exclaimed grandma; "why, her aunt has gone to Fairbury, and the house is locked up; she was to stay here all night. I don't understand it."

Laura was just ready to cry.

"I wasn't very polite to her, and she was mad and ran off," she said, honestly. "You don't s'pose she'd get lost or anything—do you, grandma?"

Grandma looked both surprised and troubled, but presently she said:

"I'm sorry it has happened, but of course Jenny will come back, and you had better go on with the letter. Perhaps you may find her; she would not go far."

So Laura went on very slowly, and when she crossed the bridge below the hill, she saw Jenny just at the edge of the woods, wading in the water. She had taken off her shoes and stockings, and was walking about on the white gravel where the water ran in little yellow ripples. It was great fun, so all the children thought, and Jenny seemed to have quite forgotten her troubles, for she only looked up when Laura came along, and said,

"Oh Laura! come in and wade. The water is as warm as anything, and I almost caught a minnie in my hand."

"I can't," said Laura; "I must take this letter to the Corners, and you are to go too, and oh, Jenny! I've got our supper in this basket, and we're going to stop at the Hollow and have a picnic when we come back, grandma said so."

"Splendid!" said Jenny, running up to the green bank, and drying her feet in her pocket-handkerchief. Laura let her take a peep into the basket, just to see the nice white biscuit and shaved beef, with two slices of sponge cake, and four heart cookies, and a bottle of milk.

"Oh, isn't your grandma just the nicest," exclaimed Jenny, "to let us have two cookies apiece, because you never can take two at the table!"

"She's nice about everything," said Laura, and then they went on very amiably and left the letter at the Corners, only stopping once or twice to pick some thimble-berries that grew by the fence. Jenny seemed quite happy, but Laura was not quite satisfied. She had made up her mind to tell Jenny she was sorry for treating her rudely, but, after all, what was the need of it?

"We're made for peace now," she said to herself, "and there isn't any use in talking about quarrels; besides, it wasn't a regular quarrel, only a misunderstanding."

The Hollow was a delightful little dingle in the woods, shut in on three sides by hills, from which great ledges of gray rock jutted out. A tiny stream found its way among the crevices of the rock, and ran down the Hollow, and all about were beds of checkerberry and ground pine, and the greenest, softest moss that ever the fancies danced on. Laura and Jenny spread their table on a flat rock, with grape-leaves for plates, and sat down in state to their feast.

"You may pass the things, and pour the tea, Jenny," said Laura, which seemed to her a very generous thing to do; but even that would not quite silence the troublesome text, and she had to listen to it. It said, "Follow after the things that make for peace," means to look out about the next time. You and Jenny are always having such little disagreements, now, if you talk the matter all over when you feel good-natured, perhaps it would help you both. "I'll do it," thought Laura, and so she began.

"Jenny, you know mother has gone to Fairbury. When she goes away, she must always leave a letter for Rob and me to help us be good when we don't have her to tell us, and this time she left me a verse. 'Follow after the things that make for peace.' But grandma said that it meant more than don't quarrel, but we must think about how we could keep peace, and just follow after it. And Jenny, I don't think I followed after peace when you came to see me this afternoon."

"Oh, well," said Jenny, "I don't care about that. I'm always getting mad, but I get right over it."

But Jenny, if you—if we followed after the things of peace, don't you think we could get along better? Just like the way we study about our sums at school till we get the answer?"

"I guess so," said Jenny, admiring her heart cookie, "but I never could remember."

"I forget too," said Laura, "but I shall ask Jesus just as hard as I can not to let me."

"And then don't you forget, when you ask him?"

"Yes, sometimes," said Laura, "but then I tell him I'm sorry, and we make it all up and begin over again."

Just then a carriage came slowly along the road; a tall gray horse and a driver, who leaned back in the seat and sang in a pleasant voice an old-fashioned tune to the words:

"The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The fields bud and bloom."

"That's the minister," said Jenny, peeping through the bushes, "he'll give us a ride," and jumping on a rock, she called out, "Mr. Woodford, have you been to Aunt Mary's?" Mr. Woodford stopped and talked a minute to the children, and then took them home.

Just as they got out Jenny said, "Mr. Woodford, Laura has got a text that her mother gave her, and we are going to try to do it all the time. It's about the things of peace."

"Follow after the things that make for peace," said Laura slowly.

"That's a good text," said the minister. "I think I shall preach a sermon about the things of peace."—S. S. Times.

THE TWO A'S.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"What's that?" said Willie Stuart. He listened at the window where the long honey-suckle vines drooped like banners. He looked up to the black, heavy masses of clouds in the sky, and caught the sound of a long-continued rumble of a ponderous iron wheel rolling along the floor overhead. Then a scowl began to spread over Willie's face, like that spreading over the sky.

"I thought as much!" he said. "A thunder-shower coming! There goes our ride. Too bad!"

Willie heard a step in the garden walk, and some one, springing lightly upon the piazza, pushed aside the honey-suckle vines as if they had been folds of tapestry, and entered the parlor. It was Willie's father.

"Sorry, Willie," he said, "very sorry, but our ride has gone."

"I know it, and now I suppose I must be shut up, father."

"Oh! it won't be the worst thing in the world to be kept in the house awhile."

"Don't know about that, father," he replied, as his father stopped out of the parlor.

How the rain poured and rattled, ran and clattered on roof and pavement that afternoon. It seemed to have come for a good long stay also. What began as an apparent shower turned into a heavy, steady rain that lasted all the afternoon. A chilly wind set in from the east, swinging all the vines about, and turning people from their stores and farms and shops toward home, turned the ships toward a harbor, turned the rattle toward the barns, and with a drip, drip, the rain splashed and saturated everything.

"Horrid chilly!" exclaimed Willie.

"Horrid chilly?" asked his father. "Come this way," and he led him into the dining-room.

Wasn't that a splendid fire there? So many nimble little sprites in jackets of golden flame springing up from the hearth, chuckling away, laughing, shouting, rowing, mounting higher and higher, and hiding away at last in the cozy nook of the chimney above.

"Sit down here, Willie. Pleasant, isn't it?"

"I know it, father; but time seems lost this afternoon."

"Oh, not at all? You can do something now. Is there not something I can do for you?"

Father was so good-natured and cheerful, Willie thought he could kindle a fire in any heart, no matter how much like a cold, dark fireplace it was.

"Is there anything you could do, father, did you ask? You are real kind. Let me think. Yes, there is one thing, if you have time enough."

"Time, Willie? Oh, I guess so. What is it you want?"

"Well, our Sunday-school teacher said she wanted us to come next Sunday prepared to tell her about two great characters in God's church."

"Oh! that's easy. I will help you. Do you want to know about the two A's?"

"Two A's, father?"

"Yes, Augustine and Anselm."

"Say them again, please."

So the father repeated them.

"Augustine and Anselm," added Willie.

"Now I have them."

"All ready, Willie? I will begin here. Away back in the fourth century there was a little fellow running about the crooked streets of Tagaste in Africa. I imagine he was a bright but mischievous lad, up to prank after prank. But he had a mother worth having.

Her name was Monica, and in her treatment of Augustine she had something of that patience God has with us all. Augustine grew up only to try his mother very much. A young man, he strayed off in wild courses of sin. But Monica's prayers patiently followed him. At last Augustine went to Milan. A great preacher was there, Ambrose, and he interested Augustine a great deal. He resolved to come back from his wanderings to God, but where should he find him? One day he went all alone into a garden. In his distress he threw himself on the ground. He asked God to help him. Suddenly, he heard a voice, and it seemed to say, "Tolle! lege!"

"What does that mean, father?" asked Willie.

"It is the Latin for the words, 'take, read.' But what was Augustine to read? He asked the advice of a friend, Alype. The Bible was put before Augustine, and he chanced to open it at this place, 'Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness. . . . But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh: fulfil the lusts thereof.' Right there the wanderer touched the feet of Christ, weary and astray no longer. He had found forgiveness and hope at last."

"What did he do then, father?" asked Willie.

"Why, he was just as earnest in the doing of good as he had been in the doing of evil. And how glad his dear mother, Monica, was to see it. She had not wasted a single breath in useless prayer. The people in Hippo, Africa, insisted that Augustine should be their minister; and then he was made bishop, and the oversight of many churches was given him. Such a busy man as he was, and such a great thinker and writer!"

"What did he write about?" asked Willie.

"About everything, I should say; but mostly on religious subjects. I think of him in his long black robes, sitting in his plain little room, making his pen fly like a shuttle. His writings have had a great circulation, and have had a vast influence in the shaping of Christian opinion."

"Augustine lived to be an old man. He died at Hippo, where he was made bishop, in the year 430, at the age of seventy-six. Those long black robes that had been moving about so busily were seen at last no more in street or pulpit, for the old bishop lay dying. It was a sad day for Hippo in more ways than one. A wild army of barbarians, called Vandals, had pitched their tents about Hippo, thirsting for its life. Augustine cared not for the great, rough mob outside the city walls. His soul was safe under the wings of God's care, and no one could harm him. The story runs that the dying old man asked to have some of the Psalms so full of penitence written on the wall. There he lay, looking, reading, praying. The end came, and the beautiful Psalms were the rounds of a ladder, taking his weary feet up into the presence of God. He must have been glad to be home at last with the Saviour and his dear Monica."

"So that is one A, father," said Willie.

"Yes, and a great A too."

"And the other?"

"Oh! Anselm—I must tell you about Anselm. He lived later than Augustine, but he loved Augustine, and loved and studied his writings. His cradle was rocked at Aosta, in Piedmont, 1033—that is when he was born. I think of him as a boy of quiet, amiable disposition. Like Augustine, he was blessed with an excellent pious mother. Her name was Ermenberga. Anselm's home was among the mountains. They rose far above him with summits of blue, like the domes and pinnacles of a sapphire city."

"Anselm used to watch the mountains when a boy, and dream about them. One of his fancies was, that just above the blue mountain tops was Heaven, and there God was on a throne of great majesty. In his sleep, too, he had a dream. Up, up, up, higher and higher it seemed to him that he went, till above the mountains he found God, and there God gave him bread from heaven."

"Once it was very fashionable for people to be monks, to shave the top of their heads and go away into great religious houses honey-combed with cells. Some of the monks did well and some didn't. The houses were hives, sometimes with many workers, and then what lazy, had bees would swarm there!"

"So Anselm fell in with the fashion and became a monk. I believe he was an excellent monk. I should call him a large lump of the 'salt of the earth.' The monks made him their head, and a very bright and busy head they had. He was as industrious as Augustine, guiding the monk, teaching the youth, overlooking the queer old manuscripts handed down by previous generations, and writing works on Christian doctrine."

"He was of a very loving turn of mind. A story is told of his care of a poor old man, Hereward. Anselm tenderly nursed him. He was so weakened by old age and disease that he could not move any member of his body except his tongue, but Anselm would press out

the juice from the pulpy grapes and so nourish the old man. By and by Anselm went to England. There they made him a very high officer in the church—the Archbishop of Canterbury. The kings in England and the officials in the church didn't always agree, and Anselm was obliged to leave England; but the king called him back, and the archbishop was at Canterbury again. The year 1109 came. In the archbishop's house an old man lay dying. I wonder if he thought then of the blue mountains about his Pirimont home. Perhaps he lay there thinking of his dream in sleep when a little boy. Up, up, he climbs again, weary as a child, higher still, away above the mountains, into the beautiful home of God where his sainted mother is. People may have gathered about the archbishop and called to him, but he had climbed the blue mountains, and like Moses, never came down again. Anselm was dead."

"What did Anselm write about, father?" said Willie.

"If I should single out his special work, I should say it was in treating of Christ's love for sinners and Christ's work for sinners. Anselm loved Augustine, and though the two were unlike, Anselm has been called the Augustine of his age. They both did a good work, and in the doing of it lived to be of the same age, seventy-six. So much for two A's in church history."

"Two great A's, father, and so much for Sunday-school."

"Yes, Willie, and so much to show that a rainy afternoon may not be such a very bad thing after all."—S. S. Times.

TEACH SELF-DENIAL.

Few of us older persons can have everything we want, everything that love can give, everything that money can buy. Most of us have many reasonable wishes ungratified, many moderate desires unfulfilled. We have to get along without a great many things which others have, and which we would like. It is probable that our children will be called to similar experiences when they must finally shift for themselves. They ought to be in training for this now. It is largely the early education which gives one proper control over himself and his desires. If in childhood one is taught to deny himself, to yield gracefully much that he longs for, to enjoy the little that he can have, in spite of the lack of a great deal which he would like to have, his will be an easier and a happier lot, when he comes to the realities of maturer life, than would be possible if, as a child, he had only to express a reasonable wish to have it promptly gratified. For this reason it is that men who were the children of the rich are so often at a disadvantage, in the battle of every-day life, with those who have come up from comparative poverty. The wealth of their parents, so freely at their disposal, increased the number of wants which they now think must be gratified, and their pampering in childhood so enervated them for the struggles and endurance which are, at the best, a necessity in ordinary business pursuits, that they are easily distanced by those who were in youth disciplined through enforced self-denial, and made strong by enduring hardness, and by finding contentment with a little. It is a great pity that the full and free gifts of a loving parent should prove a hindrance to a child's happiness, a barrier to his success in life, that the very abundance of the parent's giving should tend to the child's poverty and unhappiness! Yet this state of things is in too many instances an undeniable fact.

Children of the present day—especially children of parents in comfortable worldly circumstances—are far more likely than were their fathers and mothers to lack lessons of self-denial. The standard of living is very different now from a generation since. There were few parents in any community in this country thirty years ago who could buy whatever they wanted for their children; or, indeed, for themselves. There was no such freedom of purchases for children, for the table, for the home or the household, as is now common on every side. Children then did not expect a new suit of clothes every few months. Often they had old ones made over for them from those of their parents or of their elder brothers and sisters. Present from the toy-shop or book-store was a rarity in those days. There was not much choosing by children what they would eat as they sat down at the family table. There was still less of planning by them for a summer journey with their parents to a mountain or sea-side resort. Self-denial, or more or less of privation, came as a necessity to almost every child in our younger days. But how different now!

The average child of the past ten or fifteen years has received more presents and more indulgence from his parents in any one year of his life than the average child of a generation before received in all the years of his childhood. Because of this new standard, the child of to-day expects new things, as a matter of course, he asks for them, in the belief that he will receive them. In consequence of

their abundance he sets a smaller value upon them severally. It is not possible that he should think as highly of any one new thing, out of a hundred coming to him in rapid succession, as he would of the only gift of an entire year. A boy of now-a-days can hardly prize his new velocipede, after all the other presents he has received, as his father prized a little waggon made of a raisin-box with wheels of ribbon-blocks, which was his only treasure in the line of locomotion. A little girl cannot have as profound enjoyment in her third wax doll of the year, with eyes which open and shut, as her mother had with her one clumsy doll of stuffed rags or of painted wood. A new child's book was a wonder a generation since; it is now hardly more to one of our children than the evening paper is to the father of the family. It is now hard work to give a new sensation—or, at all events, to make a permanent impression—by the bestowal of a gift of any sort on a child. It would be far easier to surprise and to impress many a child by refusing to give to him what he asked for and expected; and that treatment would be greatly to his advantage.

It is every parent's duty to deny a child many things which he wants; to teach him that he must get along without a great many things which seem very desirable; to train him to self-denial and endurance, at the table, in the play-room; with companions, and away from them. Whatever else he has, he ought not to lack this training. What provision in this direction is made for the children in your family?—S. S. Times.

EDUCATION IN EGYPT.

SCHOOLS OF CAIRO.

A writer in the *Saturday Review* gives an interesting account of the present state of education in Egypt. Speaking of the schools in Cairo, he says:—"There are at present 140,977 pupils under instruction. Of these 111,893 are in primary Arab schools, 15,335 in those attached to mosques, 1,385 are educated by Government, 8,081 by missions and religious communities, and 2,060 in the municipal schools. There are only two female schools returned, those started by the Khedive; but in the Copt and mission schools little girls may be found, though very few indeed—a mere drop in the ocean of ignorance. It will easily be seen that the primary Arab schools educate more than two-thirds of the children, and that they consequently are of the first interest to any one anxious for the improvement of the national culture. Unfortunately, they seem to exist only in order to impart a parrot-like acquaintance with the text of the Koran. For this purpose only have they been endowed by pious people. Any one fresh from seeing an infant school in England would feel a sense of utter bewilderment on entering one in Cairo. Everything is topsy-turvy. The children read and write from left to right, and even begin to learn their sole lesson-book, the Koran, backward, because the latter chapters are easier and more important. The consequence is that, after a few visits to Arab schools, one cannot help a feeling of surprise when a child sneezes, or shows that he is changing his teeth at the same age as a little European."

One primary school in Cairo is well worth having a peep into. You open a door in the street, and find a room about ten feet square. It is below the level of the road, and lofty for its size. A grated window, high up, gives a dim light; but a flood of sunshine comes in at the open door, and strikes full on the bright crimson robe of the *fakiah* as he sits on his cushion in the corner. At one end stands the only piece of furniture in the room. It looks like a large harmonium done up in brown holland; but turns out to be a box containing the bones of a saint. In front of this curious piece of school furniture squat four-and-twenty little black and brown boys. One or two are disguised as girls, to protect them from ophthalmia. They sit in two rows, facing each other, and simultaneously rock their bodies violently backward and forward as they recite the alphabet, or that verse of the Koran which forms their day's task. The children shout at the top of their little cracked voices in a nasal tone far from musical. The noise they contrive to make is astounding, considering how small they are. If they cease their rocking and shrieking, even for a moment, the master brings down his long palm cane upon their shaven skulls, and they recommence with renewed energy, and an even more violent see-saw. The sentence repeated does not convey the slightest meaning to their minds, nor is any attempt made to explain it. Two or three older children are sitting beside the *fakiah*, getting lessons in the formation of the Arabic characters. Their copy-book is a piece of bright tin, and they use a reed pen called a *kalem*. The ink-bottle is a box containing a sponge saturated with some brown fluid.

A long row of tiny blippers, of every form and color, lies neatly arranged at the door; for the place where the bones of a saint are en-

shrined is holy ground, and no one may soil the clean matting of the floor with outside defilement. No register is kept of the pupils, or of their days of attendance. Indeed, although the *fakiah* can repeat the whole of the Koran or book, it is highly probable he would find some difficulty in counting up to the number of his scholars. His acquisitions begin and end with a textual knowledge of the sacred book, and unfortunately the wishes of his pupils' parents with regard to the education of their children are bounded by the same narrow limits. The schoolmasters are miserably paid, mostly in kind, for piastres are scarce; but they exercise considerable influence, and no marriage or family fête is complete without their presence. In better class Arab schools a little arithmetic is sometimes taught, but not always. Boys who wish to pursue that branch of their education generally learn from the public *gabani*, a man whose business it is to weigh merchandise. A child whose father keeps a shop is taught by assisting in it. Geography is also neglected, which is fortunate, as nothing can be more ludicrous than the lessons when they are attempted.

The teaching is, of course, entirely based upon the Koran, which upholds Mr. Hampden's views with regard to the shape of the earth. The children learn that it takes 300 years travelling to get round the mighty plain, while perhaps a few yards from the school door hangs one of Mr. Cook's placards, offering to do the whole business in 90 days. It must be hard to explain all about the seven earths and the seven heavens, and the seven climates and the seven seas of light. The one important fact which the children retain is that Mecca is the centre of the earth. At present each boy comes to his master with his lessons, says it and returns to his seat. He is succeeded by another, and so on during the whole day. This would be impossible if more than reading and writing were taught.

Of the mosque schools the ancient El Azhar is still the most important. It provides instruction, such as it is, for more than 11,000 pupils. A considerable number are housed and fed within its hospitable walls. The scholars are of all ages, and come from the most remote provinces as well as the larger towns. They may stay as long as they like and go there when they please. If they are rich they make presents to the professors, who are paid entirely by voluntary donations; if they are very poor, they receive help from their Alma Mater in the shape of food. The *fakiah* of 600 sheep sent one day by the Viceroy on the occasion of a family rejoicing was therefore not unacceptable. The school is, in fact, a great free national university for the teaching of the theology of the Koran. There are few rules, there is no compulsory course of study, there is no roll-call or classification of students. Curiously enough, coffee and tobacco are here forbidden within the walls; but, no doubt, the students rich enough to have rooms outside make up for the deprivation by an extra allowance at home.

Some of the Coptic schools are well worthy of a visit. The principal one in Cairo is exceedingly well attended. The boys look as if their intelligence was cultivated, and many of them read and speak either French or English with ease and a good accent. They seem to have a genuine pride in seeing their companions show off their small accomplishments to strangers. The Copts take some pains to teach their girls, and have two fairly well managed schools at Cairo. The children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and needle work.

SCRIPTURE ENIGM 1.

LXIV.

From the New Testament these questions solve,
And thus these names evolve—

1. Who was it oft-times trembled while he heard
A Roman prisoner's word?
2. What Jew from Egypt did at Corinth preach
With strong, persuasive speech?
3. Who, by presentiment of faith possessed,
His twin-born children bless'd?
4. Who, with a life by earliest faith begun,
Was call'd the apostle's son?
5. Who, by her daughter's "light fantastic" tread
Obtained a prophet's head?
6. Whose name stands second in th' ascending tree
Of Jesus' pedigree?
7. What slave was to his injured master sent
By Paul, a penitent?
8. Who was that Jewess, whose experienced speech
Did a great teacher teach?

9. Who was his mother, who, in early youth,
Believed and preached the truth?

10. Who was the first of all the Gentile race
To learn the Saviour's grace?

11. Who—though not first—all Asia led astray
And turned from Paul away?

12. Who, by one lie, called forth th' apostle's power
And perished the same hour.

13. Who heard the voice of Peter at the gate,
And made the apostle wait?

14. What epithet both marks a traitor's shame
And clears his namesake's fame?

15. Who for St. Paul his longest letter penned,
And kind salute did send?

16. What title, in three vowels, both express
The Saviour's faithfulness?

Now from each term evolved th' initial take,
And an acrostic make.

Three sovereign graces that in Christians dwell,
The several letters spell.

The first, without saving power, looks back to see
The Saviour's agony.

The next, with steadfast eye, looks upward still
To heavenly Zion's hill.

The last, the greatest, labors to be blest
In heaven's eternal rest.

The first completed, and the next made sure,
The third shall still endure.

POWER OF TEACHING.—A point to be noticed in the training of teachers, is that it is not as important how much they know, as how well they understand how to excite in pupils a desire to know. A teacher may have vast knowledge, and no power to impart to others a desire to gain this knowledge. The amount a pupil learns in the school room is not the great aim of instruction. He may be full of science literature, and mathematics, and a poor student after all. Guided by others, he may have acquired a great fund of information, and yet not be able to know how to study. It is not of so much importance to the apprentice how much work he does, as how well he knows how to do the work he executes. A journeyman of our acquaintance, who for fifteen years has worked faithfully at his business does not to-day know enough to cut out a coat. There are many teachers who know enough to pass an examination in almost everything, and yet can never do good work in the school room. They tell, talk, lecture, explain; and their pupils go away impressed with an idea of the vastness of their knowledge while they have received but little benefit. . . . A physician may know all about the veins, bones, and organs of the human body, and yet be entirely ignorant of the way to heal it; or he may understand the chemical composition of the drugs used in the practice of medicine, without being able to apply them. Of what use would such a man be? So a teacher may know all about the sciences and arts, without being able to impart his knowledge to others. We hear it continually said, "A teacher must know something." This is true, but it is more important that he should know how to teach the mind, excite it, and not it going in a search for truth, than that he should simply cram his own head with principles and formulae.—*The National Teacher's Monthly*.

HELPING SCHOLARS TO STUDY.—If scholars do not study at home their teachers are, in the long run, to blame for it. Indeed, the best teachers recognize their responsibility on this point, and if they have scholars who are at fault, they set themselves to the work of interesting these scholars in study. On the other hand, a poor teacher is commonly readiest to complain of his scholars for not studying, and to console himself with the thought that it is through no lack of his. Among other good ways of helping scholars to study, this one has been adopted by a teacher in the Congregational Sunday-school of Bristol, Conn. He uses the "Papyrograph"—as so many Sunday-school workers now do. With this he multiplies copies of any letters he desires to send to his scholars. When the lessons are peculiarly difficult, or there seems any special reason for quickening one or more of his scholars in study, he sits down and writes a letter to his scholars about the next lesson. He tells them what he has learned about it, and why they should be interested in it. Then he points out its main features, and perhaps asks them to look up one point by another about which he questions. In this way he shows his own interest in the work of the week, and increases and directs theirs. He finds that his plan works admirably.

OUR ANNUAL REQUEST.—In advance of this busy time, when nearly all our subscribers will be remitting together, we beg to request atten-